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Dr. Friedmann's Visit May Come to a Deplorable End.

It will be a melancholy end to Dr. Friedmann's mission here if it turns out that he has assigned his turtle germ consumption cure to an American corporation which will exploit it commercially. We live in what is known as an age of commercialism, yet there are still departments of human endeavor in which the finer tradition of work for the work's sake has not given way to the sordid gospel of dollars and cents.

The profession which Dr. Friedmann follows has been honorably distinguished for its humanitarian spirit and for its unselfish efforts to mitigate human suffering. It has put the patient above the dollar and has felt that its first service should be to mankind or to science and its second to itself. However much it has been affected by the inroads of the commercial spirit into modern life, it has held fast to the conception that fame and gratitude should be the chief rewards of the discoverer of any new process for fighting disease. The medical profession has never stooped so far as to recognize as laudable or legitimate the purpose of a discoverer to monopolize the application of his remedy and to collect tribute on all or most of the cases which it might cure.

If Dr. Friedmann's example were to be followed generally one of the most generous ideals of conduct which any body of workers has ever established would be destroyed. What the world needs most nowadays is to preserve such ideals and to broaden them, so that the impulse to public service in many other fields of effort may outpull the impulse to private gain.

It may be that the Friedmann turtle germ is a genuine cure for consumption, and not the sort of patent medicine palliative which is usually dispensed of by commercial methods similar to those to which the German physician and his associates are now resorting. If authentic, it might go a long way to relieving a vast amount of human suffering. Yet even accepting as proved the most which has ever been promised in its behalf, it would be dear at the price of absorbing the physician from his immemorial sense of obligation to science and to the community and debasing the art of healing to the level of a mere money-making trade.

The Collectorship, Mr. O'Gorman and Mr. Conkling.

The President's determination to appoint Mr. Polk as Collector of Customs at this port may or may not involve him in a struggle with Mr. O'Gorman, who as New York's only Democratic Senator claims the right to say who shall not be appointed even if he cannot exercise the power to say who shall. If the Senator wants to make an issue with the President he will undoubtedly be accommodated. He will also find that the public here will side very strongly with Mr. Wilson.

The Collectorship of the Port of New York is one of the most important offices in the President's gift. More than half of the customs dues of the entire country are paid here, and the association of the Collector with the head of the Treasury Department is so intimate that the office may be fairly classed as one excepted from the ordinary rule of consultation with a Senator or Senators in filling it. Even in the old spoils days the Senators from New York were not allowed to dictate the nominations of collectors here. The break between President Garfield and Senators Conkling and Platt came over the President's determination to follow his own judgment and to appoint State Senator Robertson as Collector.

Does Mr. O'Gorman want to assume the sorry role of Mr. Conkling? The latter resigned and never "came back," although he made desperate efforts to get the Legislature to re-elect him. Moreover, the power to elect has now been taken from the Legislature and entrusted to the people.

If Senator O'Gorman is wise he will not try to do in 1913 what Roscoe Conkling failed to do in 1881.

The Wilson-Underwood Ship Subsidy.

One sub-section of the Wilson-Underwood tariff bill which passed the Democratic caucus almost unnoticed seems strikingly out of place in a measure drawn expressly on non-protective lines. That is the paragraph allowing a discount of 5 per cent on the duties on all imports brought into this country in vessels built in the United States and wholly the property of American citizens. The discount is, in effect, a subsidy given to American shipping, and as such is a marked violation of traditional Democratic policy.

If such a method of reviving the American merchant marine had been practicable it would have been seized upon by the framers of earlier out-and-out protective tariff laws. Some such provision has been offered in one house or the other many times, and now and then has gotten temporarily into a tariff bill. But the difficulties in the way of applying it have been so obvious that even those most partial to it have had to let it drop.

Under the Payne law in the last fiscal year 53.33 per cent of all our imports came in free. If sugar and wool are to go on the free list the percentage of free imports under the new law will be at least 70. Of the remaining 30 per cent of imports, which will pay duties and on which a 5 per cent discount might be allowed, the great bulk will come from countries with which the United States has treaties guaranteeing their ships the same freedom of carriage as American ships.

If the discount provision of the Wilson-Underwood bill is retained the administration will have to denounce treaties with the twenty foreign countries to which we send the great bulk of our exports. Would it be worth while to precipitate trade hostilities with those countries in order to give American ships the slight benefit, which might accrue from a discount on the dutiable goods which they carried? Manifestly not. It would be much cheaper and more convenient

to pay American ship owners a direct 5 per cent subsidy on their dutiable trade. The incorporation of the 5 per cent discount paragraph into the pending bill was a strange aberration of judgment. Who put it in, and why?

Haywood Again Indicted.

If Paterson hadn't just tried to put Haywood and his I. W. W. associates in jail upon trumped up charges the present proceedings against them would be more impressive. But it is hard to get these men and women into jail to stay. They are indicted regularly in almost every place where they conduct a strike, but we cannot recall their having been convicted.

They have had a good deal of experience in keeping just within the law and yet affording such provocation as to induce exasperated communities to indict and arrest them. The arrest furnishes an occasion for a triumphal procession to jail and likewise for much advertising.

The knack of always managing to be indicted and arrested and yet never convicted is worth much to the Industrial Workers of the World. It was not a difficult knack to acquire when it is considered how stupid most local officials are in expecting to break strikes by furnishing the strikers with a theatrical demonstration of the devotion of their leaders to their cause.

The Latest Role.

It is natural that Governor Sulzer first inspired fear in Tammany Hall when he began to use the patronage and veto club to win support for his direct primaries bill. Tammany understands nothing but patronage. The force of public opinion, the effect of a moral issue are lost upon an organization that is used to doing as it is told, with the prospect of jobs held out as a reward of obedience and the prospect of going jobless held out as the punishment for disobedience. When the Governor talks of jobs and no jobs the organization understands and feels that it is confronted with something serious.

Sulzer in the role of Silas Wright, Tilden, Hughes, Wilson and all the similar characters whom he affects is only eccentric to the organization. But Sulzer in the role of Murphy saying "Vote as I tell you or there is nothing doing" is a terrible personage.

The Call of the "Movies" to Jack London.

The news that Jack London is to appear as leading man in "movies" dramatized from his own tales is interesting if not exactly thrilling. Will the idea spread? Shall we soon have to face Mr. Robert W. Chambers on the films as well as crowding the subways? Must an author be his own hero, heroine, impresario, advertising manager and press agent? A host of questions springs to mind.

The uniform answer, we believe and fervently pray, is "No." An eruption of acting authors strikes us as most unlikely. To back our trust, we point to the peculiar quality of Mr. Jack London's character and achievements. To explain his present step is to find reason for exonerating almost the whole remaining band of writers.

For Mr. Jack London is not really an author at all. He is rather a moving picture hero who has written down his acts instead of photographing them. Wherever you turn in his gory pages it is always your author who is staring you in the eye. Through whatever bludgeoning adventures you are led it is always the courage, the pluck, the brutal but masterful daring of Jack which confronts you. Other characters hover vaguely on the horizon. The one central bloody figure in the limelight is ever our Fe-fau-fum acting-author.

So in stepping out before the "movies" he is but executing his destiny. Jack London being the only hero that Jack London knows, he is the natural and ideal actor for his parts.

As for the rest of the writing world—but why drag them in when Jack the Giant Killer films are about to unfold!

Incurring Unnecessary Cost.

One of the items in the estimate of appropriations needed for the State Women's Reformatory at Bedford Hills is that of \$25,000 for sewage disposal "made necessary by institution being in Croton watershed." No matter where the institution was, some disposal of its sewage, in an inoffensive and effectual manner, would have to be made. But with a tributary of the Croton flowing through its grounds extraordinary precautions have to be taken against possible contamination of the city's drinking supply. It is to be assumed that the item cited indicates the additional cost of these special precautions over what would otherwise be the expense of satisfactory sewage disposal.

That would seem to be a pretty good argument against placing any more such institutions on the banks of Croton Lake and its tributaries. In no respect would they cost less there than elsewhere, and in this very important respect they would probably cost a good deal more. It is a sound economical as well as sanitary proposition that a well and a cess-pool should not be placed side by side; and neither should a great city's watershed be selected as the site of populous institutions constantly emitting large quantities of sewage.

Too Many Police Won't Spoil the Graft.

It is the contention of the advocates of the Board of Social Welfare scheme embodied in Senator Wagner's police bill that the establishment of such an agency of control over the vice-fostering elements of the community would wipe out police grafting on those classes. Examination of the bill in its latest form leaves little hope that this would be the practical effect of such a law. Police graft comes from three important sources—the prostitutes, the gamblers and the saloonkeepers. Under the bill's provisions the uniformed policeman would still have the right—and the obligation—to arrest a woman discovered soliciting in the streets, although such a woman within a brothel or house of assignment would be within the jurisdiction of the Board of Social Welfare. Thus it is manifest that one important part of the graft on prostitution would in no wise be taken from the police. With the possibility of the patrolman's collections from the streetwalker would also go the possibility of the desk lieutenant's graft and the straw bondsman's graft.

Police graft from lawbreaking saloonkeepers doubtless runs into larger sums than the money extorted from gamblers and prostitutes put together. And the Board of Social Welfare is not to have jurisdiction over the excise situation. If the objection to open Sunday saloons prevails—as is the likelihood—and prevents the enactment of a law permitting New York City authorities to settle that question in their own way, saloonkeepers will go on selling drinks on Sunday as they always have done, and making the necessary arrangements to avoid em-

barrassing police interference with their business as they always have done.

Division of duties and scattering of authority among various police agencies is not the way to achieve efficient policing of this city. Segregating the policeman from undesirables and lawbreakers is not the way to assure his honesty and wipe out graft even on those classes of society. There is a lot of rather maudlin sentiment spilled over the policeman these days. If he won't stay honest and do his work he shouldn't be coddled, but clubbed—if necessary clubbed off the force and into jail. The Wagner bill would not accomplish what its supporters hope, either for the policeman or the public. It would produce endless conflict and complications in the necessary regulating or restricting of the activities of the lawbreaking classes placed under the control of the new department, with resultant inefficiency of restrictive work and harm to the public.

The police arrested a man who had 101 pairs of trousers. No punishment could fit the crime.

Income Tax Aims at Hidden Wealth.—All taxes do, and miss.

Governor Sulzer seems worked up to the point of going through that list of "very old friends of mine" with a sheep shears and a mammoth blue pencil.

If Senator O'Gorman met the boss of Tammany Hall on the street in plain daylight he would probably need to be introduced to him, and then would exclaim, "So this is Mr. Murphy."

A woman has been arraigned for smuggling cocaine to prisoners in the Tombs. Maybe this evidence of what helps fill the prisons will induce the Legislature to pass the anti-cocaine bill.

After reversing himself on the construction of the Panama Canal treaty, the next thing in order for Mr. Olney to do is to strike the enacting verb out of his famous declaration: "To-day the United States is practically sovereign on this continent and its 'flat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition.'"

AS I WAS SAYING

The dignity of a Sovereign State must be respected. More, it can be, in a like emergency Mr. Roosevelt declared: "All forces, military and civil, which I may lawfully employ will be so employed." This was respect; and how the Sovereign State did love that man! Simply fell on his neck and wept down his back and swore eternal fidelity. But now see what Mr. Wilson is doing. Just when the Sovereign State is jumping and screaming in its most dignified manner he sends Grape Juice William to slay it with a look. Never have we seen the nose of a Sovereign State so viciously rubbed in the dirt.

Here comes Mr. Price Collier with more about Germany and the Germans, whose dripe ingreous. Goundt! Vatch! Vatch! Every twelve months a gain of \$800,000 already. Which phenomenon we view with mixed feelings. A German is a man who will sit down with a pipe, a stein and a lump of clay and stay there forty years. At the end of the forty years he can read the inscription on the clay. This is indeed intelligent. But why does he sleep under the bed? And why is his bed so constructed that its sides "give out a strange, musical sound when hit sharply with a bone?"

Eighth and last of Mr. MacFarlane's shockers on "The Business of Arson" this time "A Partnership in Fires." But the Japanese are not honest.

There will be other diplomatic dinners. Chance enough for our Secretary of State to silence criticism by serving a few Fairbanks cocktails.

We welcome the substitute for militancy! No more smashing and burning and dynamiting; instead the "household boycott" meaning that the dead creatures will merely neglect their men folks. Lovely! On these terms America no longer dreads the rise of feminism, though our heart goes out to the milliners, the dressmakers, the confectioners and the florists. How they will miss our familiar signatures! And, on the whole, we pity the average Suffragist. "Twill be a sad shock, maintaining a 'household boycott' for weeks and weeks, only to discover that it has not been noticed!"

This much is gained, anyhow. Warned in season, Sir Gilbert has written his "House of Justice" in the usual rectangular style.

Out West it develops that the ladies of the jury never convict a handsome man, and there is much talk about it, but we imagine the ladies are right. Handsome men abhor crime. They think it unbecoming. They have observed the horrid, tasteless physiognomies visited upon Leven Hundred and Leven and his partners in iniquity and abandoned themselves to a life of virtue.

Even the gentlemen of the jury appreciate this. Whenever they see a defendant who in the least resembles a human being they know their duty. They nap out the case, then retire and say to one another: "He done the deed; they proved it on him—but, hell, he ain't no criminal!" Nice practice—oh, very!—yet it has spoiled the looks of our prisons.

In a restaurant. Crowds. Opposite us at table two detectives in the federal service. Heard hair-lifting yarns; saw elpher reports; saw scars exhibited; saw handcuffs fished out and discussed; got details about counterfeiters, illustrated with counterfeit bills; learned best way of secreting a badge when one has tired of pinning it on the inside of one's throat. Most astonishing, as we had hitherto with adventurers a million times, yet never met any who could talk. Sea dogs, soldiers, firemen, lion hunters, explorers—all were tongue-tied and pumpproof, recalling that immortal dialogue conceived by the lamented Burner: "I was in China." "That must have been interesting." "It wasn't." Guess the reason is: Adventurers who stop to register impressions never get home.

"I am thoroughly delighted with the American President," chirps the paradoxical Mr. Chesterton, and next time he will tell why. "I do not praise the 'New Freedom' because it is new. It is not new. And it is not Freedom. I praise it because it is old and because it is bondage." Something in this. Think of turning loose an Income Tax on a nation of proud, high-spirited, conscientious smugglers!

R. I. H.

NATIONALITY AND FEET.

From The London Family Doctor.
National characteristics are apparently impressed upon every part of the body. Even the feet are found to vary with the nationality. The French foot is narrow and long. The Spanish foot is small and elegantly curved, thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding to the Castilian pride of being "black in the instep." The Arab's foot is proverbial for its high arch. The Koran says that a stream of water can run under the true Arab's foot without touching it. The foot of the Scotch is high and thick, that of the Irish flat and square, the English short and fleshy. When Athens was in her zenith the Grecian foot was the most perfectly formed and exactly proportioned of any of the human race. Swedes, Norwegians and Germans have the largest feet. Americans the smallest.

THE WIDOW'S PENSION.



Let the state keep the mother and children together.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate

GREAT PEACE CELEBRATION

Some Suggestions Are Made for England's Share in 1914.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Next week there will arrive in New York a delegation from England representing the British-American Peace Centenary Committee. It will confer with representative men here for the purpose of forming plans for the celebration to take place throughout the year 1914 in England and America.

It is time now to give some thought to just what we would like to do. As yet, we have heard from only commercial England, and, as this celebration calls for much thanksgiving and gratitude for the preservation of peace, it would be a distinct pleasure to hear from godly England.

We must impose a condition on England in return for what she wants us to help carry out at Shepherd's Bush. It must be all a tinkling of cash, but, more appropriately, some expressions of the soul.

Will England send us a Newman, a Wilberforce and a Spurgeon? If she will, we can prove that church unity is possible, for a brief period anyway. In June of 1914 there could be held outdoor thanksgiving celebrations. Will England send her famous choir of Westminster Abbey, accompanied by the incomparable band of the Coldstream Guards? If she will, we can conceive of many delightful and inspiring experiences in the month of June, 1914. For instance, in June is held the children's anniversary of the Brooklyn Sunday schools, and this could be expanded to a celebration so impressive that it would have a wonderful and lasting effect on thousands of young minds.

One more suggestion for England. In view of the fact that "Tommy Atkins" has been glorified and showered with honors from time immemorial, would it not now be appropriate to extend some honor and recognition to his modest brother "Robert," the estimable representative of peace, law and order? If so, let each county of Great Britain send two members of its constabulary, natives of such county represented, and good types. They would be most cordially welcomed and honored in a way befitting the glorious occasion.

JOHN SAMUEL.

New York, April 26, 1913.

A PLEA FOR ARBOR DAY

Where Trees May Be Planted in the City to Good Effect.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Arbor Day this year will be observed in the schools throughout the state on Friday, May 2. While usually in the city schools the exercises in recognition of the day are made interesting to the children by appropriate recitations and singing, the instances are comparatively few where trees or shrubs are planted and with such arranged effect as to bring the real significance of the day to the attention of the children.

In one way or another pains should be taken by principals and teachers to secure the means of an actual planting of a tree or some substantial shrub as a part of the ceremonies of the day, and in which, as observers, at least, the children should be participants. If the planting cannot be done on the school grounds arrangements might be made with the park authorities to plant one or more trees or a group of selected shrubs, both deciduous and evergreen, in a nearby public park, of which now we have a number in the city.

And this may be done in association with the name of some noted man or woman or conspicuous historical event.

In our outlying boroughs there are much greater opportunities to practice this day, the importance of which in emphasizing the need of trees cannot be unduly enlarged upon by our public teachers. The grounds of the College of the City of New York need some relief from the staring structure itself, which trees would supply. Arbor Day would be a good time to initiate this work.

At all events, there might well be more tree planting on Arbor Day, more concerted action among school officials in town and country, and the work devoted in large part to the restoration of indigenous trees, of which there are such numbers and choice of variety at our command.

"What does he plant who plants a tree?" He plants in sap and leaf and wood. In love of home and loyalty. And far-cast thought of civic good—His blessings on the neighborhood, Who in the hollow of his hand—Holds all the growth of all our land—A nation's growth from sea to sea, Sits in his heart who plants a tree.

JOHN T. CUYLER.

New York, April 23, 1913.

A QUESTION OF LIVER

Diet and Blue Sky Are Suggested for the Anti-Suffragist.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Being of rather a compassionate nature it makes me very sad indeed to hear of any one who is in the condition of your correspondent "Sidney Ames." It is hard to know if it is a lady or gentleman, the first name being one suitable for either sex, but even so I would like to do what little I can to help a sufferer. For, from his (or her) letter to your valuable paper one would judge the writer to be suffering from some complaint, perhaps a "liver."

Of course, any suffrage literature, printed, as is the custom, on the well known orange paper, would be abhorrent to one afflicted thusly! Would it be wrong to suggest a diet of very plain food for a month, with four or five cups of hot water a day and more frequent glasses of spring water? Added to this some days in the country, breathing in the clear spring air and gazing on the blue sky?

After such a regime, would not your correspondent feel so happy and so much more generous that he would let others have their opinions without an outburst such as the letter to you?

E. A. S. PECKHAM.

New Rochelle, N. Y., April 24, 1913.

"US FOUR AND NO MORE"

That No Longer Expresses the Boundaries of Our Interest or Duty.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The proposal of a State Morals Court by the Illinois Vice Commission, as reported in yesterday's Tribune, is one more of many needed reforms. I hope that bill will be passed, for it will be a valuable aid in reducing one aspect of the social evil which has not heretofore received attention.

Now that legislatures and public officials are showing some activity tending toward an improvement in conditions which have allowed the social evil to get such a secure hold upon our country, perhaps we may look forward to the churches also awakening from their long peaceful sleep and fulfilling their duties along this line, heretofore so conspicuously neglected.

To see to it that the little place occupied by "Me and my wife, and my son

John and his wife, us four, and no more," is "decent and orderly," does not constitute being a Christian to-day, nor is it all that is necessary to make a man respected. Closing our eyes and saying "I don't want to see anything," or closing our ears and saying "I don't want to hear anything," does not prove that we are pure or clean or innocent, but it does prove that we are direct descendants of that man of whom every one has heard, who when asked about his brother said, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

We have one minister in this city who feels keenly his responsibility for the unfortunate conditions surrounding his fellow citizens, which was clearly shown by that fearless sermon he preached last Sunday morning on the social evil. I wish it could have been heard by every man and woman in New York City. Never have I heard such a frank, brave, intelligent and masterly discourse on that subject. Only a man who had reached the full stature of his manhood would or could have preached such a sermon. A man like Mr. Holmes should put so much hope and courage and energy and desire of the right kind into our hearts and minds that it will go a very long way toward making this city a desirable place to live in. May his brave words inspire other churches and ministers to noble words and deeds also!

MIRIAM STRONG.

New York, April 17, 1913.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

A Paris fashion article says that men's summer hats will be simpler this year. "The failure to introduce antique shapes," says the writer, "under the cloak of 'novelties' last year caused considerable loss. A few dandies were induced to wear them, but they could not be made popular. The white and light gray derby hat and the white cylinder will probably be seen again at the summer resorts, but only on men who wish to be conspicuous. From year to year the simple straw hat grows in popularity and more will be worn in the coming season than ever before." On the subject of outer garments the article says: "All efforts in the direction of tight fitting clothes have failed. Sports, automobilism and what the Americans call 'common sense' are against them, and we shall see again the styles which make clothes comfortable and not means of torture."

The Vicar (to the old lady, the last of whose family has married)—You must feel lonely, Mrs. Muggins, after having such a large family.
Mrs. Muggins—Yes, I do, sir. Sometimes I miss 'em and sometimes I want 'em; but I miss 'em more now I want 'em!—Sketch.

The American commission for the study of the application of the co-operative system to agricultural production, distribution and finance in European countries is the subject of a circular issued in Rome by David Lubin, of the Italian Institute of Agriculture. It shows that in pursuit of the desired information will go every country to which delegates will be sent in Italy a programme and reception committee has been appointed which includes the names of many distinguished men. The list of members of the American delegation includes Vincent Astor, Frederick Allen, Joseph Francolini, W. F. Brown, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., and Edward Hart.

Willie—What's sociology, dad?
Crabshaw—After you have worked and earned a dollar, my boy, sociology tells you how you shall spend it.—Judge.
"What is that man's politics?"
"I don't know," replied Senator Sorghum. "He was a lifelong Democrat that before yesterday. But I understand that since then another man has been appointed to the postoffice he wanted, so Washington Star.